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Pavilion Theatre.

Sole Lessee and Manager . . . Mr. MORRIS ABRAHAMS.

GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,

ENTITLED

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS:

OR,

Harlequin Prince Rover, and the
Princess Tricksy Wicksy.

London:

PRINTED BY E. RIMMEL (PERFUMER TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES),
96, STRAND.

SAYER'S MIRACULOUS EMBROCATION,

AN EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR

Rheumatism, Gout, Sprains, Bruises, Spinal Affections, Lumbago, Pains in the Kidneys, Groin and Joints, Swellings, Tiedoloreux, Neuralgia, Internal Injuries produced by falls, straining, or over-exertion, Loss of Strength, Weakness, Stiffness and Cramp of the Limbs and Joints, Paralysis, Asthma, Difficulty of Breathing, Cold on the Chest, Unbroken Chilblains, &c. &c.

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That "Marvellous Cure" for COUGHS,

(ASTHMATIC, CONSUMPTIVE OR BRONCHIAL),

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Chest, Throat and Lungs, arising from COLD.

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A most excellent Medicine for Bilious Complaints, Disorders of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels; for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Heartburn, Pains and Giddiness of the Head, Costiveness, &c.; and particularly for Eruptions of the skin.

IN BOXES, 7½d. and 1s. 1½d.

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Will preserve any vital part from attack, and avert a Fit.

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ALL CHEMISTS.

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THE TYROLEAN MUSICAL BOX,

2s., Eight Tunes,

Post free 27 Stamps. Size $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The eight tunes may be selected from the following :—

Hold the Fort—Sun of my Soul—Thy Will be Done—Safe in the Arms of Jesus—Ring the Bell, Watchman—Last Rose of Summer—Meet Me in the Lane, Love—Watching for Pa—Madame Angot—Danube Waltz—Legend Madame Angot—Irish Jig—Mousetrap Man—Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle—Oh My, Fie for Shame—Perhaps She's on the Railway—Run 'Em in—Hoop La.

Agents will find this marvellous Centennial novelty sell well, and afford delighted customers unbounded satisfaction.

A SAMPLE INSTRUMENT, FREE BY PARCEL POST, 27 STAMPS.

JACQUES BAUM & CO., Kingston Novelty Works, BIRMINGHAM.

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ING PRESS (Patent). Prints Programmes, Bills of Fare, Cards, Labels, Laundry Lists, etc. Press, Type, Ink, Pad, etc. Post free 14 stamps. Very superior, 24 stamps.

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PETUAL POCKET GENEVA TIMIST, in Alumina Gold. For either sex, in any clime. Post free, 14 stamps. Very superior, 24 stamps

"Very ingenious."—FIGARO. "A capital invention, and gives the time accurately."—BRITISH MAIL, 13th April, 1876. "Wonderful for a Shilling."—BUDGET Catalogues, Press Notices, Testimonials, or Shippers' and Dealers' List post-free.

10,000 original Testimonials can be shown on our novelties. Address—

JACQUES BAUM & Co., Kingston Novelty Works, BIRMINGHAM.

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INCLUDING

SPECIAL SILVER MEDAL FROM THE KENNEL CLUB,

AWARDED TO

SPRATT'S PATENT
MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Our success has caused a number of counterfeit imitations to be made of highly dangerous and innutritious ingredients.

They are sold by unprincipled tradesmen as ours, for the sake of a small extra profit which the makers allow them.

The *Field* says, in answers to correspondents, "We should advise SPRATT'S BISCUITS, instead of greaves and common ones."

These Common Biscuits are made of damaged flour and tallow greaves which latter are now so chemically treated for other commercial purposes that all fat and nutritious matters are exhausted before the greaves are used for Dog Food.

The Biscuits imitating ours in the square shape are sold by the makers at a low price, and retailed to the consumer at the same price as ours, the tradesman thereby getting a larger profit until experiencing loss of custom by selling inferior goods.

Our Patent Cakes are the only Meat Biscuits for which a patent has ever been granted, all the other so-called Patent Biscuits being spurious imitations.

PLEASE OBSERVE THAT EVERY CAKE IS STAMPED

"SPRATT'S PATENT,

WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE.

Spratt's Patent.—Henry Street, Bermonlsey Street, S.E.

45

[illegible]

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS;

OR,

Harlequin Prince Rover, and the Princess Tricksy Wicksy.

SCENE I.

Davy Jones's Locker.

(DAVY JONES discovered sleeping on the back of a crab.
Wakes up.)

DAVY. Breakers and billows, storm, hail, rain, and sleet,
And other dreadful oaths I daren't repeat;
What riot's this, while I'm in slumber deep,
Who dares disturb me from my beauty sleep?
(*An anchor swings and hits him.*)
'Vast! you'd better drop that game. Your skill's at fault;
This *briny* tar, you see, won't stand assault!
To make a joke, might set a dog-fish barking,
Such conduct in the ocean bed is *sharking*;
Belay! stand by! I wish to stay below—
They're weighing anchor! hi! steward, let go.
(*Enter NEPTUNE and BOREAS.*)

NEPTUNE. Why, Davy, what's wrong?

DAVY. Jibbooms and spankers!

In my locker now, they drop their anchors!

A thing I never knew take place before.

I pointedly object to that *an-chor*.

I want the sailors, passengers, and crew,

Down in the caverns 'neath the water blue!

(*To BOREAS.*) We've had no wrecks, on you I can't depend

BOREAS. You see, the sailors now have found a friend!

DAVY. Cease your puffing, set the billows rolling;

Down to my locker let *Tom* come *bowling*.

BOREAS. But Neptune here, whose trident rules the ocean,

Takes things so easy, there's no commotion!

NEPTUNE. I'm nearly ruled and done for by the storm,

Public opinion clamours for reform;

And life-belts various float with flow and ebb,

While all the nation cheers brave *Captain Webb*!

DAVY. Ha! the good old days of sea fights glorious,

Pirates, smugglers, privateers notorious,

Who thought to come to Davy Jones's locker,

The sailor's end, summed up by ocean's Cocker!

But now things are so dull I think to vary 'em,

I'll let myself out to an Aquarium!

How, now?—

(*Enter FAIRY CORALINE.*)

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.
Lancet.—"Wholesome and pleasant."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

- CORAL. Daddy Neptune!
- NEPTUNE. Coral!
- CORAL. Why moan you?
- NEPTUNE. Although below, pa, still I don't disown you.
- NEPTUNE. My child!
- DAVY. He snivels.
- NEPTUNE. Say, now I've embraced you,
(The fairy seminary in which I placed you)
Why have you left?
- CORAL. I've taken my degree,
With powers to practice as a good *Fairie*.
- DAVY. Pshaw! No Bopees, now, or Little Red Riding Hood,
No Cinderellas, or Tiny Two Shoes good,
Need fairy aid; the mediums' time is o'er,
And spiritualists will trouble us no more!
- CORAL. By those who have with messages been cheated,
The pencil writing now is *cooly* treated.
The game is up, in vain its best friends rally,
For *law* cries *go*, and Slade and Co. must *Allez*!
Farewell to guineas which rich noodles paid,
There's no more rappings, for the ghost is *laid*.
- DAVY. Enough of this, why visit you my cave?
- CORAL. To ask the rulers of the wind and wave,
The good ship "Antelope" to lend their care to,
And guard from all those ills that bark is heir to.
Ballads and barnacles.
- DAVY.
- CORAL. Don't swear, old shark,
He, on whom I'm *gone*, *goes* in that bark!
- NEPTUNE. What, Gulliver! you goose!
- CORAL. Pshaw! No! not he,
The sweet Prince Rover is the man for me;
Over the world content with him I'd go,
For as the poet says, I love him so.
- NEPTUNE. Who ever heard of such a stupid passion.
- BOREAS. Fairies don't love.
- CORAL. Then I shall set the fashion.
- DAVY. Right you are! Then, one of us such love should cheer.
Maiden, I am now in my thirty thousandth year!
Passed through five editions; for each I've had
The special character of my awful dad.
Be mine—Sea-Salt of Tidman!
- CORAL. Cease your groans
- DAVY. Beware the vengeance, Miss, of Davy Jones!
The Antelope is doomed. *I'll go ashore*,
Load her with cargo, till her decks run o'er.
She's rotten, as many that to the bottom go,
Who's owners *thrive* and *flaunt* in Rotten Row!
I'll mar your plans! Gulliver—your lover, too,
Shall sleep with me to-night beneath the blue!
- CORAL. CONCERTED PIECE.
- DAVY. Don't think me afraid, I'm a fairy by trade,
And so now I warn you, my friends!
Don't interfere, but mind what I say,
For I mean to gain my own ends.

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

British Medical Journal.—"A safe stimulant."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

DAVY. But a mortal to wed! You're right off your head.
Think twice, and a good fairy be.
CORAL. That's all very well, till my reason I tell,
The why and the wherefore, you see.

CHORUS.

Then we have the winkles, sprats, codfish, and whales;
There we have the octopus—herrings, crabs and snails;
Then we have the mermaids, with their flowing hair,
Yes, you'll find beneath the deep—collections rich and rare.

DAVY. The fish get their *mate* in the form of a bait,
And you may get crimped like a cod—
Right through the gill, in the shape of a pill—
A hook at the end of a rod.

CORAL. You mustn't think that—I'm not such a flat.
My lover will take care of me.
The law won't allow men to thrash women now,
So I can't be *baited*, you see.

CHORUS.

Then we have the winkles, codfish, sprats and whales, etc.
(*All Dance off.*)

SCENE II.

Fairy Land. Enter DOLLY.

DOLLY. There you are! No peeping—I saw you. No!
Isn't it provoking to be treated so?
This is the spot where, as old wives have told,
Good fairies nightly garden parties hold.
Yet none are here. The fact I'm much afraid is
Fairies are shams—(*Fairies enter*)—I beg your pardon, ladies.

1st FAIRY. Your business, please?

DOLLY. (*Aside.*) Oh, dear! this is bewildering.
(*Aloud.*) Do you want a little girl to nurse the children?

FAIRY. You need a charm.

DOLLY. My young man says I've dozens.

FAIRY. You've lovers, then?

DOLLY. One, but several cousins.

FAIRY. Our Queen! (*Enter NYMPHALINE, Queen of the Fairies.*)

QUEEN. Are you from Court—it's name?

DOLLY. Court number 2, mum, Petticoat lane.

QUEEN. You've some request?

DOLLY. To tell I'm rather chary

If you please, Queen, I want to be a fairy.

QUEEN. Vain ambition!

DOLLY. To-night my lover starts

On an excursion into foreign parts.

QUEEN. Ha! foreign parts are now with dangers rife,

Though outward signs conceal the hidden strife.

And now, child, your petition we would know.

DOLLY. I love a Prince—Prince Rover!

QUEEN. Is it so?

One of our sisters—Coraline—sad thought,
For love of him has left our fairy court.

DOLLY. She loves my Prince!—the minx!

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

Medical Times.—“Very wholesome. May be safely used.”
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

FAIRY. Your anger flies out,
DOLLY. Make me a fairy, and I'll scratch her eyes out !
QUEEN. He knows her not, save in his dreams.
DOLLY. The bear !
 His dreams of love I'll turn into nightmare.
 He said his dreams had always been about me.
 I'll let him see—he shan't go now without me.
QUEEN. Love her he can't ; in fact, he never may ;
 A spell I'll give you. On the very day,
 The hour, the minute, that he proves untrue,
 It shall be known. On the instant, you—
 Though seas illimitable and worlds divide—
 Shall be transported to the traitor's side.
 Our future mode of travelling you'll praise,
 And quite despise the talked-of eighty days.
DOLLY. You promise this ! Queen, I most grateful am.
QUEEN. Good bye, my royal preserver ! You're real jam.
DOLLY. Your fairy longings—

DOLLY. Wouldn't quite suit, perhaps.
 Your diggings must be dull without some chaps.
 Your style of life with me would not agree.
 It's very nice—not good enough for me.

DOLLY. *SONG and CHORUS, "Buckles on her Shoes."*
 Oh, Fairies ! please to pity me.
 I've troubled you with love.
 But my young man's a gentleman,
 And very far above
 The usual hobs, and bobs, and dobs,
 And that is why I came ;
 For Rover's got, and I shall have,
 A handle to my name.

Short men, tall men, ask me to say yes ;
 But I am going to marry Rover,
 And be a real Princess.

Oh, oh ! how could I refuse ?
 I hope soon to be married,
 And that's the latest news.

NYMPH. Yes, you'd like to be a fairy !
 It's anything but slow.
 No thoughts of getting married
 Are talked of here, you know.
 I hope the time will not be long,
 And you should hope the same,
 Stay here and be a fairy,
 Nor seek to change your name.

CHORUS. "Short men, tall men," etc.

GRAND FAIRY BALLET.

(Arranged by Mr. J. F. ALEXANDER.)

Entitled "*Love Among the Roses.*"

Cupid—Miss ROSE ALEXANDER, The great English Dancer.

(Closed in.)

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

Medical Press.—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."
 Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

SCENE III.
GULLIVER'S *Home.*

(*Enter MRS. GULLIVER, singing "Home, Sweet Home."*)

Which ditty, thus to Gulliver I chant it;
He only chaffs, which werry hard is, arn't it?
To-night he leaves home, country, friends, and me
Against my wish, a rover's bride to be.
He seeks the Ocean's bosom, leaves this breast,
And me, his "birdie," lonely in her nest.
In a doctor's shop I shall be up a tree,
He leaves his patients and his bills to me,
They're both unsettled, and likely so to be,
For all the good that I shall do in *surgerree*.
His two assistants will be no help indeed,
With them an awful life I'm safe to lead.
They play their pranks, are ready for each meal,
Eat all they can, and what they can't they steal.
(*Calls.*) Drugs, Drachms, come here! worse imps I never
knew;

Bring here a tub, some soda, starch, and blue.

(*Enter DRUGS and DRACHMS.*)

(*Both.*)

Did you call?

MRS. G.

You know I did.

Now, you young dogs, will you do as you are bid?
I must rub out a few odd things for him to wear,
And sew all his buttons on, or else he'll swear.
Though it would serve him right to let him pack
Without a nightcap to his blessed back.

(*Exit.*)

DRACHMS.

Oh my!

DRUGS.

Oh my!

DRACHMS.

She didn't.

DRUGS.

She did,

DRACHMS. Then why don't you do what you're forbid.

(*MRS. GULLIVER returns.*)

DRUGS. Well!

DRACHMS. Well!

MRS. G. Oh, those boys!

DRACHMS. Take your time, mum.

DRUGS. Here's the tub.

DRACHMS. Here's the soap and soda, mum.

MRS. G. That's the rub!

Get me some starch, I my irons must heat.

(*Exit.*)

DRUGS. You hear.

DRACHMS. You.

DRUGS. You.

DRACHMS. You.

DRUGS. You.

DRACHMS. I've some pills to beat.

(*Business of beating pills, getting starch, etc.*)

DRUGS. Starch, when hungry I don't at trifles stick,

This won't affront if I was choleric.

(*Re-enter MRS. GULLIVER. Business of washing. Chase off.*)

(*Enter DAVY JONES.*)

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

Medical Record.—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

'Tis here resides one Gulliver, a quack,
Who braves the surge as surgeon board my smack.
Doomed! ha! ha! with the Fairy's lover. Ho! ho! ho
They soon will find themselves with me below.

GULL.
DAVY.

(*without.*) Good bye!

'Tis Gulliver, they cheer, just to nerve him.

Ha! ha! I will retire and observe him.

(*Exit.*)

(*Enter GULLIVER.*)

Farewell, my friends, my fellow citizens good bye,

I stood a drop—the tear drop stood in my eye.

High water 'tis, and we must soon aboard,

The ship I sail in, now lies safely moored.

Soon must I bid adieu to shop and daughter,

My corporation, my gas and water.

My wife embraced (to whom I leave my drugs),

And take my kickshaws and wraps and other rugs,

To sail away from England fair and free.

But ere I go, I'll plant a little tree.

In Mile End a selected spot I've made,

When I return we'll sit beneath the shade.

The tree's a *larch*, tho' now 'tis small alack,

It will be *larcher*, p'raps, when I come back.

I have a word or two before I go—

Advice gratis, a thing that all should know.

(*Enter MRS. GULLIVER, weeping.*)

Oh, Gull!

Don't be *o-guling*—ain't you well?

Your cuffs and collars I to wash was bringing.

Give your orders, mum, and leave off ringing.

Your clean linen's spoilt, then, there!

Well, if it be,

We pass the Wash at Boston.

Leaving poor me;

Dolly too, about the Prince, she'll break her heart.

Time and tide soon serve, 'tis *tidy* time we start,

So bustle wife, don't stand and *cogitate*,

The *bus* will start and make this *coger* late.

Oh, if I'm not wanted there's one thing I knows is,

A rolling stone gathers no *moss roses*.

What can I promise now to coax her down,

I'll take her to all the pantomimes in town;

That is when I come back, and back of me

A large amount of ready £ s. d.

(*Enter PRINCE ROVER.*)

Where's Dolly? this parting her heart will vex.

Leave it to your pa-in-law, he knows the sex.

Where is the boy? she don't weep when I'm about;

I say it's toothache and pull a molar out.

'Tis thus I my *Molly*—always *mollipis*.

While I my darling *Dolly* I *dolly-ize*.

Don't be alarmed, just you trust to me,

When you are married, I your pa shall be.

I like your style, good Prince—a *pal* you are,

So for the future leave it all to your pa.

(*Exit.*)

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Practitioner.—"A safe stimulant."

Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

PRINCE. Well as you please ; get the *farewell* over,
 Your *welfare* shall be cared for by the Rover.
 My darling Dolly's worthy of my love,
 But I must test her claims to be above
 All other beauties, and my mind assure,
 Return of loveliness—an epicure.

SONG—Air, “*Strike you with a Feather.*”

The girls I find are very fond
 Of fellows known as mooney,
 You'll find the best of plans beyond,
 A doubt is that called spooney.
 Don't go in for manliness
 If you'd be thought a don ;
 The sex like lardy-dardiness,
 So I shall try it on.

II.

The very smallest of small talk
 Is what I always chatter,
 As round the room I waltz and polk,
 The subject does not matter.
 Display the greatest ignorance,
 On topics of the day ;
 With affectation drawing
 Out every word you say.

I'll strike you with a feather, I'll strike you with a rose,
 Don't dare deny the love for me that in your bosom glows.

(Enter DOLLY.)

DOLLY. My Prince.
 PRINCE. My poppet.
 DOLLY. Your mind's unchanged.
 PRINCE. Just so.

To-night I must to seek adventures go.
 DOLLY. To cause this *gal* a *pout*. You chaff forsooth.
 PRINCE. A little *Badinage's* not *bad* in *youth*,
 True as a needle to the pole.

DOLLY. Proof unsound,
 Don't judge the needle till the pole is found.
 PRINCE. I swear.

DOLLY. Not before the *gal*, guard well your trust,
 Be constancy itself, indeed you must ;
 Should your heart on beat for me a moment *stop*,
 Puff, piff, puff, I down on your tibby drop.
 Book'd by fairy rail ! how scared you look.
 PRINCE. I will be true, I swear it.

DOLLY. Kiss the book.

(Enter DRUGS and DRACHMS—*Exeunt* PRINCE and DOLLY.)

DRUGS and DRACHMS. Courting.

DRUGS. He goes to sea.

DRACHMS. He do.

DRUGS. He leaves his Dolly here for

DRACHMS. Who ?

The governor's chest, let us examine,
 Nick-nacks for barter full as they can cram in.

(*Exeunt* DRUGS and DRACHMS—Enter DAVY JONES.)

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Sanitary Record.—“An excellent ‘dietetic’ stimulant.”
 Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

DAVY. Post-meridian, half-past five, my hearty.
(Enter GULLIVER.)

GULL. You're the skipper.

DAVY. Hoy!

GULL. Very nice old party.

Captain, that's your passenger.

(Enter PRINCE and DOLLY.)

DAVY. Ha, the lover.

GULL. Arn't you well, we'll take the soundings to discover
First call the watch up from its fobbery,
Pulse inactive, don't note its throbberry.
Where's your heart?

DAVY. Below.

PRINCE. He means his boots it's in.

DOLLY. His sole is vast, and so's his demon grin.

PRINCE. I'll my passage forfeit, I don't like that tar.

GULL. You'll be sorry for this, leave it to your pa.
Where, captain, are you bound?

DAVY. For Davy Jones.

GULL. And what's the freight?

DAVY. The freight?—why dead men's bones.

GULL. Is he man or monster? like one he laugh't,

I'll run my lancet in him to the haft.

Captain make observation, what craft crowds sail.

DAVY. The Antelope's crew.

GULL. This quack, will make him quail,

Stick it and prick it—I'll mark you, you rover,

Why I've vaccinated him all over.

Fabric wanted, not to flinch—ha! let go,

The man's a vampyre taking me in tow.

CONCERTED FINALE—"I'd rather lather father, than father lather me."

PRINCE. We must away—so now I'll say

Good-bye, my Dolly dear.

DOLLY. Suppose that you should lose your way,

And no policeman near,

To safely send you back to me,

And you away so far.

GULL. It's certain that I there shall be,

So leave it to your pa.

For the lugger is a beauty, and the

Owner's known to me.

So just be glad, that your old dad is

Safely gone to sea.

For I have to travel farther, and with

Me you will agree,

The farther father travels the

More travels father'll see.

DAVY. But then you know that ship will sail

And never more be seen,

Not one come back to tell the tale.

PRINCE. I know such things have been

With rotten ships and cargo shy,

The danger we have cured.

GULL. We keep our powder high and dry,

Our luggers not insured.

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Public Health.—"Should be in general use."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

SCENE IV.

Lilliput Land. Market Day. Assembly of Lilliputians.

CHORUS.

BEADLE. Oh ! yes—pray all attend—Oh, yes. Yes,
Their Majesties the Emperor and Empress.

*(All cheer as EMPEROR and EMPRESS enter.)**(Enter EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF LILLIPUT.)*

EMPEROR. Thanks Lilliputians ! Now pray be calm do ;
I've news to tell that may, perchance, alarm you,
Haw ! cits, my guards, of course led on by *me*,
Have on the *seashore seizure* made, you see,
A man mountain seventy inches high !

CITIZENS. Help ! Help ! Help !

EMPEROR. There the cowards fly !
Giant or mountain I fear not on my life,
Nor man, nor woman, unless it be my wife ;
I rule the people, she impresses me ;
All things considered, we very well agree ;
The charming ways I have are quite my own,
From me society oft takes its tone.
When asked to give advice I make reply,
"You can't do better than to mark my eye."

SONG.

You'll find that I am wide awake,
Though some think me a fool ;
I know my book—there's no mistake,
Judiciously to rule.
Could you see my Cabinet Minister,
It's surely splendid fun,
Try to improve upon me, but
It isn't to be done.

II.

I am never deluded by
The agitating moan
Of those who speak of poor men's wrongs,
And think not of my own.
To men who spout of women's rights,
And all that kind of bosh ;
We always got the one reply,
My friends it wouldn't wash.

CHORUS.

Do you take me for a country man,
Do you take me for a flat,
Do you take me for a simpleton,
Or any thing like that.
If you think that I am fly,
Or been in the world before ;
Will you kindly let a fellow know
What you really take me for.

GULL. *(without)*. Avast, you nutes !

(GULLIVER dragged on board by ropes.)

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Food Reformer.—"All who value health should use it."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it,

EMPEROR. My new capture—bring it this way (*Ent. GULLIVER bound.*)

GULL. What ho! my tiny ones, avast, I say!

Oh! I'll physie you.

EMPEROR. Man mountain, why so tall?

GULL. Because I'm pop'lar. Man mole-hill, why so small?

EMPEROR. The Emperor of Lilliput. I'm great.

GULL. You are!

EMPEROR. King of Kings! reply to that.

GULL. Pshaw!

EMPEROR. Don't pshaw me, you find I'll not stand sneers.

You tremble—then banish all your fears;

You'll find me merciful, although I'm strong;

Wise and judicious I can do no wrong;

I improve the city and pull down the slums,

Will never slumber till the good time comes;

If money's wanted, well, then I'll stand *Sam*!

GULL. Then you'd better stand a drain; make a *dam*.

EMPEROR. Language like this is low, and *irrigating*;

To calm my mind I will increase the *rating*.

How came you here? explain, sir, your position!

GULL. Well fact is I was sent out on a mission;

I've references, but quite forgot to bring 'em.

Full particulars, see small bills—I'll sing 'em.

SONG AND CHORUS. "*Patrick's Day Parade.*"

GULL. I've been through the Suez canal,

And old England 'gratulate;

In acting right up to the mark,

Dizzy did not hesitate,

I have seen Spain and Turkey too,

Bull Ring in Brum and Timbuctoo

And well my travels are repaid,

Seeing the Lilliput Parade.

One by one the wonders know,

Sights I view, away I go;

There's nothing can beat, high or low,

The Lilliput Parade.

Then shout hurrah, both near and far,

I've not seen such a nation;

Small and smart, and gaily arrayed,

Ready for celebration.

All come, high and low, to the Lilliput Parade

CHORUS.

Then shout hurrah, &c., &c.

I've been thro' China and Japan,

The land of trays, rice, and teas

I've also seen old Ireland,

Where landlords are absentees.

A great discovery I've made,

Every class of every shade,

Are sure to come gaily arrayed

To see the Lilliput Parade.

One by one, &c. &c.

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

Every Gallon guaranteed equally pure.
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

EMPEROR. What will you do now if I let you go ?

GULL. All that becomes a "*sailor medico*."

Luff you, row you, bleed you, amputate you,
Box your royal compass, or vaccinate you ;
Prescribe a black draught, pill, or haul a rope,
Handle a speaking trumpet or stethoscope.
What's your ailment ? Is it liver, d'ye think ?
Then rub your back well with a *skating rink*.

EMPEROR. You confess our power ?

GULL. *Cheese mightiest, just so*

EMPEROR. In that case you are free at once to go.

GULL. Huzza ! They're very small, but then they never miss

EMPEROR. Ha ! that glow ! the palace ! my wife, the saint,
Is in the flames ! Save her ! I can't ! I faint !

GULL. No bobbies, it looks like a conflagration,
It's a long way from Lilliput to Mile End Station.
I'll prescribe for fire—try water, I'll allay't ;
Here comes the engine at *arpalling* rate.

*(Gets water from fountain in his hat (rushes off) EMPRESS
re-enters, tries to revive EMPEROR. GULLIVER enters.)*

EMPRESS. You noble hero !

GULL. What, my little beauty ?

EMPRESS. To embrace you I feel it is my duty.

(She embraces him, he runs off with her.)

EMPEROR. Ha ! The monster carries off my wife.

No ; now she escapes him. " My love, my life ! "

(Re-enter EMPRESS.)

Ah, once again I fold you in these arms,
But now for veng'ance ; sound the war alarms,
Help me to drive yon monster from our land,
Your several guilds will form a glorious band !

GENERAL CHORUS.

SCENE V.

(Enter the Fairy NYMPHALINE.)

NYMPH. In these domains of flying island King,
Will Coraline her princely lover bring ;
Rescued from shipwreck by her magic craft,
She'd now expose him to the love-god's shaft.
Be that her task : I'll Gulliver befriend,
And hitherwards his wayward footsteps bend ;
Prince Rover's wandering he still must share,
And be of good or evil fate co-heir.

(Exit.)

(Enter TEATRAI, VANHANDSMIXTURE, and PATRICOLURI KUMFITZ.)

PAT. Aisy, who is it grins ? I'll stop your scoffing,
And doff your hats, or I'll your heads be doffing ;
Ye blackguards, amn't I with honours thick,
First gentleman of the bedchamber—Lord High Candlestick !
K.C.D.B., and Warming-pan in Waiting,
Lord-Lieutenant, Sheriff, Knight o' the Shire,
Councillor, Guardian, Constable, Town Crier,
Lord Chamberlain, Recorder, Judge and Jury,
Pluralism ! Ye blackguards, dread my fury.

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

BERNARD and CO., Leith Distillery, Scotland.

Wholesale Depot, Three Crown-square, Borough, S.E. Sold everywhere. Always ask for it

- PAT. Why wouldn't I? Years since I left the green Isle's sward,
Erin go bragh, to go *erring* abroad.
 'Twas the great of fateness, and I'm content,
 I rule King Tinpot here in banishment ;
 And by your lave, to tell you now I'll try,
 How I became the Bismarck of *Ski-hi*. (Enter HOOPLA.)
- HOOPLA. Hoopla ! Grand Vizier ! much good order keep,
 The King he here, as always half a sleep.
 Him got a pretty toy-toy.
- PAT. Toy Toy ! that's two.
- HOOPLA. No, one, one ! Monkey on stick ; him say it's you ?
- MILE. Room for the great Tinpot ! (Enter KING & MILEAMINNIT.)
- KING. Jib, jib, chi chunder head !
- PAT. The same to you,
 We nayther understand, but this way do.
 He jabbers, I think what he ought to say ;
 Then think he's said it, so have my way.
 Give your orthers man, and get back to bed.
- KING. Lum a loo la !
- PAT. Hot or cold ?
- KING. Sa, sa, sumced,
 Lum a loo la ! Wanga, muddi jum jum see laiste.
- PAT. You'd get six months for it at the very least,
 Without hard labour, spite o' the complainant
 Being a swell and first-class misdemeanor.
- HOOPLA. King, he says "*maretee*."
- PAT. He does ! What for man ?
- HOOPLA. He wish wed another wife !
- PAT. Oh ! oh ! the Mormon !
- KING. Nigi-phoo-whitey ! whitey !
- PAT. The epicure ;
 Its a white wife now he's wanting sure !
 The thing's preposterous, non-debative,
 We've not a foreigner but what's a native.
 I'm lost entirely. (Enter MILEAMINNIT.)
- MILE. A lovely princess from a foreign land,
 With time to spare, and capital at hand,—
 Would customs study, with the permission
 Of court and country—now seeks admission.
 Here is her card—Princess Tricksey Wicksey ;
 Her eyes shine brighter than black lead of Nixey.
 (Enter Fairy CORALINE as PRINCESS TRICKSY WICKSY.)
- TRICKSY. Most mighty King !
- VANHDS. Nein Miss, you are spoken,
 Do de ambassador of Paltry Peaken.
- TRICKSY. I, in the Aërial Isle awhile would stay.
- PAT. By the powers, yer welcome as the flowers in May !
- TRICKSY. Yer *spaich*, or I'm mistake, with brogue seems *minglish*,
 'Ice on parle Dublin ;
- PAT. Well, *brogue'n* English !
- HOOPLA. See, nice Miss, King he sleeps—
- PAT. While we're debating,
 Wake up Jupiter ; don't keep Venus waiting.
- KING. Lum a loo la !

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.
 Lancet.—"Wholesome and pleasant."
 Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

PAT. He says he'll shine your boots.

KING. Na, nash ! nash !

TRICKSY. His rage your inference confutes.

KING. Hussi bussi, num lum num, sock huskee baugh.

VANHND. He broboses to make you his favourite squaw.

PAT. He says she's moine.

KING. Ni squash !

PAT. Ye hear his oath :

"Pat, she is yours," he says, "and bless you both."

TRICKSY. On my account each other don't revile,
I decline you both ; you're not my style.

PAT. We're styles you'll not get over, as you've said.

KING. Lum a loo la !

PAT. She says, "Go and shave your head."

CONCERTED PIECE.—"Gold ! Gold !"

PAT. Allow me to inform you

I rule the great Tinpot !

TRICKSY. I scorn both him and you, sir !

HOOPLA. Missie, you'd better not.

MILAMNT. There is a power stronger,
A King's rule far above,
To which we all allegiance owe,
That's Love ! Love ! Love !

TRICKSY. No ! no ! no ! with you I will not mingle !

PAT. Hold ! hold ! hold ! your temper pray don't show !

TRICKSY. You men strive hard to bore me,

PAT. Oh, darling, I'll adore thee ;

TRICKSY. The best reply that I can make is, No ! no ! no !

CHORUS.

No ! no ! no ! with us she will not mingle !

Hold ! hold ! hold ! your temper do not show !

She tells us that we bore her,

Though we say we adore her ;

The only answer she can make is, no ! no ! no !

(*All exit. TRICKSY re-enters.*)

TRICKSY. I'm rid of them, and not too soon, it's clear ;

The Prince, as in my plan devised, is near.

Dressed thus *bizarre*, if he be fancy free,

His *fancy fair* its queen will choose in me.

(*Enter PRINCE ROVER.*)

SONG.—PRINCE.

'Tis sweet to take a ramble in the meadow,

With your treasure leaning on your arm ;

And linger while the twilight casts its shadows,

And over all the lovely scene a charm.

The sheep bells sweetly tinkle,

The stars begin to twinkle,

To see the lovers stray ;

The flowers the meadows sprinkle,

They give us both a wrinkle,

To while the very pleasant time away.

PRINCE. What strange adventures, faith ! an unseen hand,
Stretch'd out in shipwreck, drew me safe to land ;

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

British Medical Journal.—"A safe stimulant."

Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

PRINCE. Still clasping mine it hither leads me on,
Till on this palace threshold, lo, 'tis gone !
One of the natives ! charms and beauties ample ;
I hope the rest of them will equal sample.
Good day, fair stranger !

TRICKSY. Welcome, sweet Prince Rover !

PRINCE. She knows my name ! Oh, scissors ! it's all over !
To Dolly I've been true since I set out,
But somehow feel a flutter hereabout.
Dolly's portrait, my talisman 'gainst danger ;
She can't compare, tho', with this handsome stranger.
I'd better go, alas ! poor luckless elf !

TRICKSY. Why so ?

PRINCE. I feel beside *you* I'm beside *myself*.

TRICKSY. Stay, stay, the custom here, strange, perhaps, but true,
Is to reverse love's order ; here the ladies woe.

PRINCE. Indeed ? how odd ; I must, then, be coy ?

TRICKSY. Sweet gentleman, I live but when you're by ;
Those ears, those elbows, those nose divine,
Have raised such tempest in this breast of mine
That on my knees I crave—

PRINCE. No, don't kneel down,
The crossing's not been swept, and you your gown
Perhaps may soil.

TRICKSY. Be mine, I've long adored thee ;
Canst now a modicum of love afford me ?
Come dwell with me, a home shalt thou prepare,
A *trousseau* costly that for thee I'll wear ;
A carriage too, wherein through mire and splash
I'll drive from shop to shop to spend thy cash ;
And thou shalt labour, save in one month yearly,
A Rhine or Swiss tour then will cost thee dearly.
On winter nights thy home shall ever be
To guest abandoned who'll ne'er ask for *thee*.
I'll buy old china, curious vertu-comical,
And never, never, love, be economical.
Last gift of all, to make thy home a heaven,
Of mothers-in-law, my dear, thou shalt have seven.
Dost like the picture ?

PRINCE. Very !

TRICKSY. Vows then seal.

PRINCE. Nay, by your leave, the kiss I'd rather steal.

DUET.—“ *Drifting with the Tide.* ”

PRINCE. Of happy moments in our life,
This is the greatest bliss,
With arms around the form you love,
To try and steal a kiss.
And then “ the question ” next to pop,
And name the happy day ;
Together on life's journey go,
The time will pass away.

CHORUS.—Drifting with the tide,
To the ripples of the stream,
Then life would be a pleasure,
And our troubles but a dream.

The **ENCORE** WHISKY.

Medical Times.—“ Very wholesome. May be safely used.”
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

CORAL. But do you think, my darling, that
 You could be true to me?
 And, as the years go rolling by,
 We always should agree?
 If all be just as you have said,
 Dull care we need not heed:
 The tree, of course, bears happiness,
 If pleasure plants the seed.

CHORUS.—Drifting with the tide, &c., &c.

(Enter GULLIVER.)

GULL. Kind Christian friends, pity a sailor's hardships,
 On frigate, schooner, Chelsea boats, or guardships,
 Wrecked on this waste, without a soul to treat me,
 Fearing the natives every hour will eat me.
 Reduced by famine, and depressed by fears,
 I haven't tasted food for several years;
 From point to point of compass I keep veering,
 And come past none to tell me where I'm steering.
 Not one to speak, and if I'm wrong or right tell,
 Hollo! there's some one ringing at my night bell.
 Prince!

PRINCE. Safe from the wreck!

GULL. Ay, since life began

I've always been a very reckless man;
 Since we parted I've a pigmy army led,
 That is, they followed after when I fled.
 What islanders are these we're cast among?
 Not propose? What a chance for woman's tongue!
 Heigho! She, you see—

PRINCE. Oh! young man! young man!

GULL. You've forgotten Dolly!

PRINCE. No! I never can;

But she's so nice, I fear I've gone too far
 And can't retract!

GULL. Tut! leave it to your pa!
 Observe the power of medicine. Hem! Madam,
 Since the advent of our parent Adam,
 The seat of life, the heart, in peer and clown
 Has been a seat where love too oft sits down,
 And don't get up again; but science with ease
 Has proved this passion is but a disease
 Which promptly taken (*confused*)—I said promptly—
 Before token to be well shaken—shooken! Phew!

TRICKSY. Oh, you funny man. Ha! don't try to frown,
 You can't, you can't, you can't; I'll smile you down.
 I'm carbonized!

GULL. What ship?

TRICKSY. Courtship!

GULL. Get out!

TRICKSY. Come, now Gulliver, mind what your about.

GULL. Professional. Young man, don't interfere.
 Pulse low!

TRICKSY. So are you!

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Press.—“Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant.”
 Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

- GULL.** (*Aside*) Repulse ! that's clear.
My advice is that, without loss of time,
You accept the love of some one in his prime.
Leave her to your pa-in-law. (*To PRINCE.*)
- PRINCE.** This behaviour !
- GULL.** Do I not sacrifice myself to save you ?
(*To TRICKSY*) He's almost wed, dear, and your love he slights.
- PRINCE.** What ? You're not *almost* wed, but you *are* quite.
Fairest Princess, you are, I know, no less,
To save you from this sea quack's base caress,
I on my bended knees your love implore,
My heart its secret tells you, I adore ! (*Enter DOLLY.*)
- DOLLY.** Where am I !
- PRINCE.** This is sudden !
- GULL.** This is jolly.
Your mother isn't coming, is she Dolly ?
- DOLLY.** Who's that ?
- GULL.** A case, my dear, we'll indoors withdraw.
(*To PRINCE*) Don't follow ; leave it to your pa-in-law.
(*Exit GULLIVER and TRICKSY.*)
- DOLLY.** As fairies told, you've wavered from your plight,
And here I've been transported.
- PRINCE.** With delight ?
- DOLLY.** Wasn't false alarm ? Fairies deceived, not I ?
- PRINCE.** Here's something real. Now we cannot fly.
(*Enter the KING, HOOPLA, PATRI, TEATRAI, VANHANDS and GUARDS.*)
- PAT.** Ha ! away with them to the great cockroach cell,
Benayth the black beetling cliff !
- PRINCE.** Let me tell
You, I'm a traveller, one of a nation
Given to suing, sirs, for compensation.
- PAT.** We're not a railway company ; fear no threat.
- DOLLY.** Don't dare our sex to touch, or six months you'll get !
- HOOPLA.** Bravo ! Hoopla like you ; me wake the King,
Hit him on nosey posey, dat's de sort of ting.
Lum a loo la !
- KING.** Lum a loo la !
- DOLLY.** Your face I'll claw.
- PRINCE.** Who dares ? (*Enter GULLIB.*)
- GULL.** Now don't, leave it to your pa-in-law.
Hoy ! Surgeon aboard ; how's the crew ? Who's sick ?
What's prevalent ? Cholic, spasms, tic !
Cup, bleed, blister, chloroform, amputate you ;
Hydropathy, pholy, or vaccinate you !
It's your ignorance, gents. But stay,
To show our visit's in a friendly way,
When great men travel it is now the custom,
That presents, they on friends and foes shall thrust 'em.
We've brought a few.
Lum a loo la !
- KING.** Lum a loo la !
- GULL.** Observe !
Now, mighty Tinpot, of the shaky nerve,
A purse I've brought you from a land called Brum ;
It shan't go empty, now, mark well the sum,

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

Medical Record.—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

GULL. I place three coins, half-crowns, that's 7s. 6d. ;
Now, 'twould be unlucky to give this for nix ;
Two more half-crowns, there, 12s. 6d. you've got,
Who'll have it now, one shilling takes the lot.

KING. Lum a loo la !

GULL. The amount don't shout !

PAT. If you've robbed the treasury, sir, look out.

(Exit KING and COURTIER.)

GULL. Thus without *loss* you may fee the *Prophet*.

(Re-enter HOOPLA and MILEAMINNIT.)

HOOPLA. This island's dangerous ; I'll show you off it.

MILE. I, too, will help to get you safe away ;
This is a "show-off" that you must obey.

GULL. You will ?

PRINCE. I'll slip away somewhere,
That Princess find, and all her dangers share.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS—"Sweet Jenny Johnson."

MIL. There's a near little cut if you come through the lane,

ALL. Hey quickly, ho quickly, let us get away ;

GULL. I think it folly longer to remain,

ALL. Hey we'll be, ho we'll be, gone soon.

DOL. I'm not afraid while my Rover's near,

PRINCE. But still we'll not tarry, dolly dear.

HOOP. You'd better get away, that's all I have to say,

ALL. Hey we'll be, ho we'll be, gone soon.

CHORUS. Hey quickly, ho quickly, come along d'ye see,
Ho quickly, hey quickly, we shall be free ;
Free as a bee in a pumpkin tree,
Hey we'll be, ho we'll be, gone soon.

SCENE VI.—(Enter DRUGS and DRACHMS.)

DRUGS. Ten o'clock ! surgery hours are ended !

DRACHMS. Now to tease missus as we intended.

There's Sergeant Bung to supper coming ;

A *cipher*. We'll have a lark at summing

Him up ; first put him down, then carry,

In short, we'll play the very—

DRUGS. Hold, Harry !

But if he arrests us to the stocks we go !

I'm no stock-jobber, nothing yet so low.

A large fortune make, and when I fail

Like a Scotch *Collie* run, and give leg bail.

DRACHMS. If we invisible ourselves could make,
And vanish when the Sergeant tried to take—

DRUGS. Us. Hush !

DRACHMS. Hush !

DRUGS. I know where's on master's shelves

A book of magic.

DRACHMS. Ha !

DRUGS. Let's charm ourselves.

(They exit and re-enter with book.)

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.
Practitioner.—"A safe stimulant."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

DRACHMS. "How to raise the ——" (*reading*).

DRUGS.

DRACHMS. Clumsy! Then who'll come see." (*Enter DAVY JONES.*)

DAVY. Ho! doctor's shop, ahoy! (*aside*) That spiteful fairy,
Who 'stead of Coraline should be contrary,
Of my victims baulk'd me, saved them from drowning—
As I my machinations just was crowning,
(*To Drugs*) Master returned?

DRUGS.

No! No!

DRACHMS.

No! No!

DAVY.

Where can they be?

I'll have them yet, if e'er they go to sea.

DRUGS.

With him a year ago did master sail.

He's a —— (*To Drachms*).

DRACHMS.

Lor! is he? Then where's his tail?

DAVY.

What news of Gulliver?

DRUGS.

None.

DAVY.

(*aside*)

I must find him.

(*aloud*) Just give me some article he left behind him.

DRUGS.

(*To Drachms*) Let's give him missus, just to save our life.

DRACHMS.

If you please, sir, you're welcome to his wife.

DRUGS.

His pipe.

DAVY.

Good! with this I'll find his wheareabouts,

With spell and incantations smoke him out.

Good night!

DRACHMS.

Pay for the pipe.

DAVY.

of 2.

Eh?

DRUGS.

Pray be calmer.

If you're a sorcerer, sir, or charmer,

Teach us the spell invisible to be

When Sergeant Bung comes after him or me.

DAVY.

Good!

DRACHMS.

You will? When we're pursued to save our bones.

DAVY.

Two words pronounce.

BOTH.

And those words?

DAVY.

Davy Jones!

DRUGS.

Is he gone?

(*Exit DAVY JONES.*)

DRACHMS.

All of him?

DRUGS.

Won't it be fun

To torment the watchman, then cut and run?

DRACHMS.

And other pranks in safety we can play;

The "néver-caughts," we always get away.

(*Dance and exeunt—enter MRS. GULLIVER.*)

MRS. G.

Someone was singing (*calls*) Drugs! Drachms! Ah! those boys!

They chaff my wailing; make no end of noise.

For two long years now *solus* here I've languished,

With no one to *solace* me, or cheer my anguish,

Save a drop of gin. I advise it meekly,

To be taken *hourly*, if taken *weakly*.

My love is gone, in vain my grief I'd smother,

In vain, alas! I try to get another;

When I was younger a more charming lassie

You never saw, but now I'm getting *passee*.

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Sanitary Record.—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

SONG—"I'd like to be a little girl again."

When I was a little girl I was so plump and fat
And pretty, it's some years ago, I needn't tell you that;
They'd give me twopences to spend on sweets to stop my cries,
It's precious few twopennorths' now, that ever I enjoys.

Oh! if I was a little girl,
A sweet little girl, a nice little girl,
You'd sigh for me if I could be
A little girl again.

(Enter DRUGS and DRACHMS.)

Ah! you'll come to grief; there now, it's said.
You *M.D.'s*? Why your too *M.T.* in the head.
Oh dear! oh dear! now no more larking, please,
A visitor is coming; you mustn't tease.

DRUGS. I know: Bung, the nightwatch, he often comes.

MRS. G. One of my poor, dear husband's oldest chums.

You'll be steady, won't you?

DRACHMS. Oh! of course!

DRUGS. Oh yes!

MRS. G. That's him.

DRUGS. His ring, I think!

DRACHMS. Our *pull*, I guess!

(Enter SERGEANT BUNG.)

SERG. Past ten o'clock, and a bright shiny night.

DRUGS. It's just struck one; your clock it can't be right.

MRS. G. Don't mind them, Sergeant, pray!

SERG. I'll trounce the dog.

DRACHMS. Supper! supper!

DRUGS. All right, bring in the prog!

MRS. G. You remind me of poor Gull!

SERG. Do I annoy?

MRS. G. No; I like it!

SERG. He was a man—Drat that boy!

I'll, I'll—

MRS. G. Yes, do! Don't their nonsense bear,

I trust to your protection; there!

(*Business.—Vampyre Chace.*)

SCENE VII.

The Island of Laputa.

(Enter PATRICOLURI KUMFITZ, *very ill*.)

PAT. Where's that doctor? Sure he does good by stealth,
For since he's here we all enjoy bad health;
Devil a pity, exile, that's how I'll trate you.

(Enter GULLIVER and DOLLY.)

GULL. Is there anyone ill? Bleed you, amputate you!

PAT. Is there anyone *not ill*?

(Enter VANHANDSMIXTURE and TEATRAI, *heads tied up*.)

Gaze on that scene.

DOLLY. Why pa, you see, can make e'en fat men lean.

PAT. You've the island doctored, and mortality,
And hospitals give for hospitality.

DOLLY. Quite proper.

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

Public Health.—"Should be in general use."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

PAT. Miss Quackling, I'll not revile you ;
 Quit the island instantly, we exile you !
 DOLLY. Thank you, Pat. Where's the Prince ? Let us begone
 I won't e'en stay to put a bonnet on,
 For I no bonnet boast. Make ready, pa,
 We'll quickly sail for England, home, and ma.

(Exit DOLLY.)

TEATRAI. Right ! the med'cine man, send him away.

VAN. No pipe.

TEATRAI. No *congo* till he is *congée*.

GULL. You would have had my head, I long since knew it,
 But that I kept you all too ill to do it.

TEATRAI. Look ! of all our woes what can be sadder ?
 In all the isle this was the only bladder.

GULL. It is a blow the less.

VAN. Why, sir, to-day the King

On the BrinCESS's finger must blace the ring.

PAT. With great demonstrations, manifestations,
 And gathérations from surrounding nations.
 And he's dead as door-nail, in fact de functo,
 "Forma pauperis"—"tria in una juncto."

GULL. Lum a loo la. To cure him I'll a present *make*,
 A galvanic battery his nerves to shake ;
 You'll find it there.

PAT. Before you go instruct us in the thing.

Come gents to "assault and battery" the King.

(Exit PATRI, VANHANDS, and TEATRAI. Enter DOLLY.)

DOLLY. Oh ! Oh !

What's the matter ?

DOLLY. Oh, support me,

Fairies did not for nothing here transport me.

What fools of men ! every one is full of her.

Oh, I'll

GULL. Leave him to your pa ! Mark me, Miss,

I'll be obeyed. You'll be sorry for this !

We'll stay, and for both your sakes, why, jigger me,

I'll marry her myself, committing bigamy.

(Enter VANHANDS, TEATRAI, MILEAMINNIT, PATRI
 TRICKSY, KING and GUARDS.)

PAT. The battery there !

SONG and CHORUS—"Georgie, Georgie."

TRICKSY. 'Tis a novel kind of marriage this, a fact one must confess ;
 We've the bride, the groom, and carriage, but the bridegroom
 can't say "yes."

PAT. Be aisy, miss, we'll soon be waking up his Majesty, don't fear ;
 All his senses we'll be shaking with the instrument that's here.

GULL. Now take hands, and in the centre leave the King ; these
 handles take.

MILE. I'm almost afraid to venture ; won't our nerves receive a
 shake ?

PAT. Don't dally ; put the pressure on
 Before his senses are quite gone.

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

Food Reformer.—"All who value health should use it."
 Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

GULL. Drowsy, drowsiness give over;
 Tinpot to his senses bring;
 Quick, his Majesty recover,
 Wake up the senses of Ski hi's King. } *Repeat Ensemble.*

MILE. There's something wrong; the same old snore
 Still breaks upon my ear.

TRICKSY. And much I fear we'll never more
 His "Lum a loo la" hear.

PAT. All is not right; I fear me the battery won't act.

GULL. You've not got hands; d'ye hear me? the circle keep intact.
 That's the mistake! Awake! (*Exeunt OMNES.*)
 (*Enter MRS. GULLIVER, very wretched.*)

MRS. G. Drugs, you bad boy, come here, look after me.
 Ah, lack a day, why did I come to sea!
 Why come to look for one who flies from bliss
 From love and me? I'll make him pay for this.
 Why I, who never could stand a vessel's motion,
 Should cross the sea, I'm sure I've not a notion.
 Where, where is he who caught my maiden heart,
 Where is my husband, where my worse part?

SONG—"Where is my love?"
 (*Enter DRUGS.*)

DRUGS. Oh, such stuff who could endure
 So many *whereises* wearies one, I'm sure.

MRS. G. What! how dare you, sir! Pretty language this is.
 Are you aware, young man, that I'm your missis?

DRUGS. Well no, I don't forget, mum; wish I could.

MRS. G. I've a great mind to send you back.

DRUGS. I wish you would;
 I've had enough of foreign travels quite,
 There's not a dry rag on me, here's a plight.

MRS. G. What are your troubles, pray, compared with mine?
 I'm sure I'm nearly pickled with the brine!
 My limbs all ache—with chills my blood is freezing,
 And every now and then long fits of sneezing;
 Exposed to sailors' rough remarks and ways,
 And naughty jokes about the vessel's stays.
 When upside down, I in the storm was turn'd,
 I fondly hope my legs were not discerned.

DRUGS. Oh, no! mum—no.

MRS. G. Ah, that's lucky; though it's true
 I'm a married woman.

DRUGS. That's lucky for you.

MRS. G. Was that all you could save from out the wreck?

DRUGS. That's all I could save, mum—except my neck.
 (*Enter GULLIVER.*)

GULL. My wife, the devil!

DRUGS. Run, sir!

MRS. G. No you don't.

GULL. I'll be back shortly—

MRS. G. Will you—no you won't.

GULL. Is it a ghost, or is it my darling Molly?

MRS. G. Speak, my Gully—Gully (*embrace*) Oh, golly! golly!

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.
 Every Gallon guaranteed equally pure.
 Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

DRUGS. Master, we're starving ; pray fish us something up.
 MRS. G. All day we've tasted neither bit nor sup.
 Have you sandwich, sardine, or mutton chop ?
 Oh, for two penn'orth at some corner shop. (*Enter DOLLY.*)
 Dolly, my darter.

DOLLY. Is it you ma, here ?

MRS. G. Where's the nearest restaurant, my dear ?

QUARTETTE—" *Nobody Knows.*"

SCENE VIII.

(*Enter KING, EMPEROR, EMPRESS, MILEAMINNIT, PATRICOLURI KUMFITZ, and Court.*)

EMPEROR. Inform the king his wedding we will grace,
 And say also, the chance we will embrace
 One Gulliver to trounce, who dared to flirt
 With our royal consort.

EMPRESS. Dear, it didn't hurt.

EMPEROR. Silence, madam ! reticence your state adorns,
 I'll cut his head off, or I'll cut his corns !
 (*To King.*) With pride I meet a friendly foreign power
 Who shares with me the honours of the hour.

KING. Coola woo, tic tic hoola, hoola wonds.

PAT. He says he's bound to you by Spanish bonds.

EMPEROR. You understand him ?

PAT. To me his meaning's known,
 Bein' so mixed with the *Hon du ras stand aloan*
 As an interpreter to this great king.
 I fly his kites and all that kind of thing.

EMPEROR. You've done this fête in style I must confess,
 Under the "circs" you could have done no less ;
 A fellow don't get married every day.

PAT. Sure in this land of liberty he may.

EMPEROR. But where's the bride that is the Queen to be ?

PAT. Behold her ! (*Enter TRICKSY.*)

EMPEROR. Charmed, I'm sure.

TRICKSY. Your majesty !

EMPEROR. Lady, your veil I'd lift if you'd permit.

TRICKSY. The custom of the country won't admit. (*Enter DOLLY.*)

DOLLY. I avail myself of the prevailing fashion,
 Hide myself and smother up my passion.
 By me Prince Rover yet may be misled,
 Leave her behind and take me off instead

PAT. I'm desired by this worthy potentate,
 The potheen I love, to freely circulate
 All kinds of revelry, devilry, and joy,
 And roystering in honour of "Sir Roi."
 Our national anthem, played with feeling, touch
 A delicate attention ; it's much too much.

(*Enter MILEAMINNIT.*)

The ENCORE WHISKY.

BERNARD and CO., Leith Distillery, Scotland.
 Wholesale Depôt, Three Crown-square, Borough, S.E. Sold everywhere. Always ask for It.

MILK. Outside, great king, from far-off foreign land,
A comedy, concert party and German band
Crave admission!

(Enter GULLIVER.)

Dear boys, I'm among ye,
A slap-up comic song do you want sung ye?
Take a cirkler, the names, sir, just preserve 'em;
The modern wizard, Herr Von Brooke, you behold;
The gents are known as sinewy and strong.
With one exception, now you know the throng;
Make way for the artiste! ho, there! please retire.
Mademoiselle Skibosh, Queen of the Lofty Wire.

(Enter MRS. GULLIVER in ballet dress.—Dance.)

PAT. Sure shè's a sample of a sort uncommon.

MRS. G. Don't wink at me, sir; I'm a married woman.

(To GULL.) This day may be forgiv but ne'er forgot—
Exposing all my charms to such a lot.

GULL. Be quiet, love.

MRS. G. I shan't, you brute.

GULL. And now,
Upstart, the flip-flap Clown, will make his bow.

(Enter DRUGS as Clown.)

(Business.)

And now, this way, sir, please direct your glance,
The darling, the day, will now advance.

(Enter PRINCE.)

SONG—"Gay and Festive Season."

Look, the sparkling wine inviting,
Wit and mirth with love delighting,
From our care 'twill set us free;
Drain the flowing draught divine.
Fill up high and drink with me,
Drink, drink, the sparkling ruby wine.

(Applause.)

PRINCE. Thank ye, thank ye; where can my darling be?

TRICKSY. Hidden from gaze beneath this gauze you see,
What you propose, dear prince, pray quickly tell,
We're watched by one who knows you very well.

PRINCE. Fear not, my love, when on the way to church,
I'll bear you off and leave them in the lurch.

TRICKSY. (Sees DOLLY.) We're observed.

PRINCE. Dissemble, boss, the air proclaim.

MRS. G. Number forty-nine; order, please.

GULL. The same old game.

AIR, "The Same Old Game."

DRUGS. It's really very sad,
When the money's to be had,
That there's not a single one of us refuse

DOLLY. To accept it, though we rail,
And the wealthy folks assail,
And never fail our richer brethren to abuse.

The **ENCORE WHISKY.**

Lancet—"Wholesome and pleasant."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it."

- DRUGS. To talk of saving stuff—
For we never get enough
To live upon—though twaddlers may blame,
GULL. And cry, "The money flies,"
Though each day they get a rise ;
You perceive it's still the same old game.
CHORUS. The same old game, &c.

Grand Evolutions of the Lilliputian Army.

SCENE IX.

(Enter NYMPHALINE.)

- NYMPHA. To the land of giants, by my magic art,
Coraline, and mortals who with her take part,
I'll summon. She, henceforth, her fairy home
Is banished, and throughout the world must roam,
Wretched as mortals are, who toil and grovel,
Scarce bread to eat, and sheltered by a hovel.
Their fairy land is Canada ; Arch shows the way ;
Necessity make unwilling ones obey.
Coraline, at once I charge you to appear.

(Enter CORALINE.)

- CORAL. I obey, dear Queen ; your wishes wait to hear.
NYMPHA. Since from our fairy dell you dillydally,
And leave your home of light for this dull valley ;
Exchange our love for that of mortal man.
We cast you off ; be happy if you can.
CORAL. Be not so harsh, but let my one fault pass ;
I've not disgraced.
NYMPHA. You took an alias ;
Called yourself "Tricksy," a name on change,
And placed yourself beyond our *fairy* range.
CORAL. Forgive me, please, I'll be for ever true.
NYMPHA. Your future life will rest alone with you.
One *unselfish* act of your own accord,
To fairy land you'll be again restored.

(Exeunt.)

(Enter PRINCE ROVER.)

- PRINCE. Well, here I am ; but where I cannot tell.
I must again be under magic spell.
I took no ticket, never stopt to change,
Met with no accident—*it's very strange*.
I can't have come by rail, altho' so far,
Unless 'twas by a Pulman's sleeping car.
"The course of true love never smoothly ran ;"
This *trite* remark prove 't *right* when Love began
His canter for the heart on life's racecourse,
And since that time has been the fav'rite horse.
With thundering pace he wins, with easy strides ;
Cupid's the *Archer* who the winner rides.

PRINCE. Then if of he who *one* loves this be true,
 How very rough for him who's *gone on two*.
 Darling Dolly ! My joy is to caress her ;
 She's charming, she is ; so is Tricksy, bless her ;
 And both adore me, each the other hating ;
 A deuced bore, to be so fascinating !

(*Enter GIANT and GIANTESS, dragging MR. and MRS. GULLIVER.*)

GULL. Belay, don't haul me so.

GIANTESS. Come on, you mite.

GULL. I'll go quietly ; don't haul so tight.

MRS. G. Hands off, you brute ! my arm release, man !
 Murder ! if I could only see a policeman.

GIANT. What brought you in our field ?

MRS. G. Sweet creature, we
 Were just by chance a-passing by, you see—

GULL. When you—that's we—it's soon explained—

BOTH. Good morning !

GIANTS. (*catching them.*) No ! you don't.

MRS. G. Why am I detained ?

GIANT. Why, two Tomtits like you we put together
 And make a pie.

MRS. G. No, I'm as tough as leather ;
 You wouldn't on me find a bit of picking.
 Now, Gulliver's as tender as a chicken.

GULL. No, don't eat me, I'll serve you all my days.
 I can be useful in a thousand ways—
 Steer you, scull you, splice you, navigate you,
 Cup you, bleed you, blister, vaccinate you.
 Will you allow me just to—

GIANT. No, we won't !

GULL. Do ye want to buy a purse now ?

GIANT. No, we don't !

MRS. G. Oh, spare my husband, spare a helpless tar ;
 Think of our children—leave them, please, their pa.
 GIANTS. Your children ?

GULL. I've boys and girls a few.

GIANT. Poor little things ! do they take after you ?

MRS. G. The girls do, being plain ; but their brothers
 Have lovely countenances, like their mother's.

GIANTS. Can you nurse a baby ? bring the darling boys.
 Bring out the twins ; we'll keep these two as toys.

(*Business with CHILDREN.*)

GIANTESS. Now, don't you drop 'em ; mind you give 'em a feed
 When they wake up.

MRS. G. I'm bending like a reed ;
 Oh, what a weight !

GIANT. Come, wife ; we shan't be long. (*Exit.*)

GULL. With babes like these, we ought to come out strong.

MRS. G. A pleasant sort of way to earn a crust.

We're taken on approval, just on trust.

GULL. Trust for roasting, poss—if friends pass by—
 Hollo ! the rooster's rolling his left eye !

The ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Times.—"Very wholesome. May be safely used."
 Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

DUET, "Don't make a Noise, or you'll wake the Baby."

GULL. I wish I was safe at home,
Away from all this fuss;
My woes were great enough before;
This baby makes 'em wuss.
Though some might relish such a post,
And rave about his charms,
I vow that I'd prefer almost
The Missus in my arms.

MRS. G. Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the baby.
Don't make a noise, take care, mind what you are at.

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter PRINCE ROVER with TRICKSY.*)

PRINCE. Oh, surely Venus smiles upon loves,
TRICKSY. As should love's goddess on such turtle doves?
PRINCE. With thee, sweet duck, for ever I'd be caged,
TRICKSY. Nay, soon with prison bars you'd grow enraged!
The captured bird still to his old life clings!
PRINCE. Then with embraces clip your birdy's wings.
My cage I'll take to, stand by you, and ne'er for
Its bars' resistance ask the *why* or wherefore.
Mimic treadmill turning, I with water will,
If you say *well*, our pretty fountains fill;
Split the hard hempseed, and its husk eject;
Ne'er touch the sugar until you've peck'd.
Whistle your high notes when your throat won't quiver,
In moulting season I'll do all the shiver.
I feel that you *can* ne'er refuse such wooing;
You'll *in it* match my billing with your cooing.
TRICKSY. Like a bird!

PRINCE. That is small talk; sense, it's said,
One must not speak if he'd appear well-bred!

TRICKSY. Ah! when you know all! Hear what I've to say.

PRINCE. Say on! and let your *se ance* last all day.

TRICKSY. The goal of hope I fear we ne'er shall gain;
Don't think me cruel if I cause you pain.
I was a fay; and by my magic light,
Raised love's *thermometer* to *fairy height*.

PRINCE. My brain begins to reel; my heart grows chill.
You love me not!

TRICKSY. Alas, I love you still;
But fear'd, when you knew all, love me you could't.

PRINCE. I love you, deary, just because I shouldn't,
And if I could cast off the spell, I wouldn't!
I know it's wrong, and should with frowns dismiss you,
Or loudly cuss you; but I won't, I'll kiss you!

(*Enter DOLLY.*)

DOLLY. Ha! see! Proof positive, beyond a doubt.
Perfidious, fickle Prince!

PRINCE. Hem! I'm bowled out.
Dolly!

The **L** ENCORE WHISKY.

Medical Press.—"Invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

DOLLY. Silence ! No more false protestations.
 You ugly little monkey, I've no patience ;
 Love's fire, once glowing in this breast, forsaking
 You've put out ;

PRINCE. How ?
 DOLLY. Like other fires, by *raking*.

PRINCE. I can explain—

DOLLY. I'm glad ; come, let me hear.

TRICKSY. Who is that most abusive person, dear ?

DOLLY. How dare you " dear " him, minx ?

PRINCE. Be quiet, do !

TRICKSY. Such dreadful terms to me ?

DOLLY. Pray, who *are* you ?

PRINCE. Tricksy, my own, pray calm this agitation ;

Do, Dolly darling !—Here's a situation !

(Enter GULLIVER.)

GULL. If you regard your lives you'd better flee ;
 A giant mother's rage, I dread to see ;
 Their blessed brat I tried to pacify ;
 Without a word he hit me in the eye.
 A slight abrasion will on that child be found,
 A *flaw* in baby—I left him on the ground.

DOLLY. He's false, papa !

GULL. There's been a row, I fear.

DOLLY. I'll have redress !

GULL. You can't be *re-dressed* here :

TRICKSY. Come, let's away !

PRINCE. Our foremost care is *flight*

Believe me, I can set this matter right.

DOLLY. You can't ; you're treacherous, and you know *you are*,
 And she is worse !

GULL. Hold ! leave her to your *pa* !

She shan't escape us, I'll close prisoner hold *her*.

PRINCE. You need not in your arms so tightly fold her.

GULL. It's worry, let us fly !

TRICKSY. Give o'er ! behave !

PRINCE. We'll fly, of course, but with the usual *stave*.

QUARTETTE—" *Dear Old Seat*,"

TRICKSY. Oh, wait and hope for brighter days,
 Of future bliss, oh let us dream,
 Until we bask in sunny rays,
 And happy times again may gleam ;
 PRINCE. We'll quick return to England's shore,
 The Rover ne'er again will roam,
 That charming spot we'll leave no *more*,
 Beneath the trees, my lordly home.

CHORUS.

Ah ! many a time that dear old spot,
 Beneath the trees my memory sees ;
 It will never, never be forgot,
 That dear old spot beneath the trees.

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

Medical Record.—"The purest of alcoholic stimulants."
 Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

GULL. We're going from this giant land,
And hope no more to see,
The giant or his better half,
Nor yet his family.

DOLLY. Yes, while we can, let's get away,
Much better it will be,
For if the daylight disappears
In darkness we can't see.

CHORUS.

Yes, while we can, &c.

EXEUNT.

SCENE X.

(Enter the KING, EMPEROR and COURT.)

EMPEROR. Thus far have we, without impediment,

PAT. The mud's a rather settling sediment.

EMPEROR. We got our coupons and on we journey,

PAT. Provided, too, with power of attorney

EMPEROR. To capture Gulliver and Co.

PAT. Let's halt,

And have a turn at the *a'tournez* waltz.

EMPEROR. A vile conspiracy to revive again,

And give us Madame Angot on the brain !

Wake up the King !

HOOPLA. Eatee dinner, grubee, mangee, peck.

PAT. The crowned heads of Europe, Africa, and Teck.

KING. Lum a loo la, a la moodee !

PAT. How he grunts !

Yes, your majesty, I'll order it at once ;

Soups, fish, fowl, dessert, in fact, everything

To make a dinner, fitting for a King.

EMPEROR. You'll only get the desert by the look,

PAT. Wait till I pronounce the magic name of "Cook,"

There, ain't I right ? the waiters run pell mell !

EMPEROR. Spiers and Pond ! 'tis wondrous strange !

PAT. There's the bell !

MILE. The very sound my hunger quite abates ;

The joyous ringing ! My lords, the banquet waits !

PAT. This way for feeders, those who feel inclined !

Proceed, your majesty ! follow behind !

(Exeunt KING and COURT.)

SONG—AIR, "When the Leaves begin to fall."

EMPEROR. 'Tis sweet to take a ramble in the meadows,

With one you treasure leaning on your arm

And linger while the twilight casts its shadows,

And over all the lovely scene a charm.

The sheep bells sweetly tinkle,

The stars begin to twinkle

The **ENCORE** WHISKY.
Practitioner.—"A safe stimulant."
Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

To see two lovers stray ;
 The flowers the meadows sprinkle,
 They give us both a wri kle
 To while the very pleasant time away.
 Oh ! 'tis sweet, &c.

(*Exit* EMPEROR. *Enter* DOLLY.)

(*Enter* KING, EMPEROR, and COURT. GULLIVER, PRINCE ROVER, and TRICKSY, prisoners.)

EMPEROR. Put them before us on each sep'rate charge !

GULL. Make it a lump sum ! though the fine is large,
 The Prince will pay it !

PRINCE. Just so, that's my way

PAT. You've only one life your own debt to pay.

PRINCE. 'Tis queer litigation, just as I forswaw,
 Call this *justice* !

GULL. Leave it to your pa-in-law.

First, these witnesses are not reliable ;
 Second, that what we've done was justifiable ;
 Thirdly, we mourn our crime, regret we hid it ;
 Fourthly, we will swear we never did it !

DRUGS. Hear, hear !

MRS. G. Then we're dismissed !

PAT. No, stop ! you'll rue it.

EMPEROR. I hav'nt yet passed sentence.

DRUGS. Well then, do it.

EMPEROR. The culprits—

MRS. G. I object to this—no offence.

We've several witnesses for the defence.

GULL. Drugs, step in the box. Now, sir, dismiss

All prejudice.

DRUGS. Which box ?

MRS. G. I object to this,

Witnesses must not cross-examine.

GULL. Most worthy beak—

EMPEROR. Sir, I don't mean to distress ye,

But 'twill as well to properly address me.

DOLLY. Do pa—say "Your grace" ; with reverence treat him.

GULL. Shant say my grace, ain't going to eat him !

MRS. G. I object to this Mr. Gulliver, pray

Allow me to conduct the case my own way.

(*To* DRUGS) Do you know the charge against the prisoners ?

No.

DRUGS. And on your oath they are innocent.

GULL. Just so.

DRUGS. Just so.

EMPEROR. This situation is quite distressing.

I'll freely pardon any one confessing.

ALL. I do ! I do !

Order—Guards, quick, bear them all away.

(*Enter* DAVY JONES.)

I have a prior claim, a moment stay.

(*To* TRICKSY) You've one chance left, if now you wish to live,

Your fairy power is gone, but I will give

The **E**NCORE WHISKY.

Sanitary Record.—"An excellent 'dietetic' stimulant."

Sold everywhere. Always ask for it.

ALL. More than you have lost if you will share
My home beneath the waves, and bring me there
This crew, and then—

TRICKSY. Vile, cruel wretch, forbear!

Spare them, and I will with you freely go!

DAVY. Your offer I accept. Let's start below.

TRICKSY. Good bye, Prince! Dolly, I remove the spell,
Again restore him to you. Now, farewell!

(Enter NYMPHALINE.)

Not so! saved by your own unselfish deed,
In fairy land a happy life to lead.

(To OTHERS) In this Court, why do you conviction fear,
If you have an appeal, pray make it here?

If you'll indorse the pardon with your hands,
And say our Christmas bill meets all demands.

FINALE—"Rolling on the Grass."

PRINCE. Now, may we hope that kindly.

DRUGS. You'll before our frolic ends.

PAT. Upon us smile benignly.

EMPEROR. Speak well of us to your friends.

DOLLY. At once advise them here to stay.

TRICKSY. And Gulliver to see.

MRS. G. Now smiling faces seem to say.

GULL. That rolling on the grass they'll be.

CHORUS. Rolling in a mass to Boxes, Pit, and Gallery,
Gulliver, Gulliver so draws 'em, they can't pass,
Rolling in a mass to Boxes, Pit, and Gallery,
Into the Pavilion all rolling in a mass.

GRAND TRANSFORMATION.

COMIC SCENES.

SCENE 1.—*Tobacconist's, Trunk Maker's, and Tailor's.*

Trip Tarantella.....MISS ROSE ALEXANDER & MR. J. F. ALEXANDER.

SCENE 2.—*Railway Station and House Tops.*

Sailor's Hornpipe.....MISS ROSE & J. F. ALEXANDER.

SCENE 3.—*The Pavilion Skating Rink.*

Polka.....MISS ROSE & J. F. ALEXANDER.

Comic Skating Act by MESSRS. JOHN & ARTHUR ALEXANDER.

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Public Health.—"Should be in general use."
Sold every where. Always ask for it.

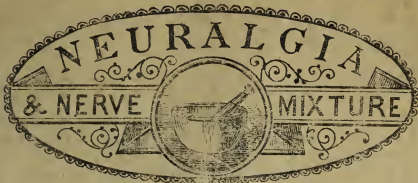
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COMMON PLEAS DIVISION, JANUARY 15.

(Sittings before Lord Coleridge, and Justices Grove and Denman.)

HICKISSON V. ASHTON.

Defendant moved for a NEW TRIAL—application REFUSED.

This action, which was brought for the alleged infringement of the Plaintiff's Trade Mark, was tried at the last sittings at Guildhall, before Mr. Baron Cleasby, when the verdict was for the Plaintiff with damages.

The PLAINTIFF was the HUSBAND of the DAUGHTER of the late JOHN BOND, the PROPRIETOR of BOND'S CRYSTAL PALACE MARKING INK. The Defendant was a Druggist, and he had sold a similar Ink, manufactured by a Mr. Murphy, and the Plaintiff complained that the Labels on Murphy's Ink were an infringement on his Labels.—A TRADE MARK is not only a SYMBOL or CHARACTER, but the general appearance of a label, whereby the Public would be deceived.

Their Lordships this morning, after consulting Mr. Baron Cleasby on the matter, refused the rule, that learned judge having expressed his satisfaction with the verdict—RULE REFUSED. *Video* daily papers.

Messrs. WILLS and WATTS, Solicitors for the Plaintiff, Doctors' Commons, E.C.

JOHN PYM YEATMAN, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Temple, Standing Counsel.

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